The three Merry Butchers and ten

HIGHW AYMEN.

I'LL tell you of a Story,
Of lovely Butchers three;
There's Wilſon, Gibſon, Johnſon,
Mark well what I ſhall ſay:
For they took five hundred Pounds Sir,
To pay it all away;
For they took five hundred Pounds Sir,
To pay it all away.

As they rid on the Road,
And as faſt as they could trig;
Strike up your Hearts ſay Johnſon,
We'll have a merry Jig:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a high ding ding ding die;
And God bleſs all good People,
From evil Company.

As they rid on the Road Sir,
As faſt as they cou'd hie,
Strike up your Hearts ſays Johnſon,
For I hear a Woman cry:
With that he ſtept into the Wood,
And lookt himſelf all round;
And there he ſpy'd a Woman,
With her Hair bound to the Ground.

O Woman O Woman quoth Johnſon,
Haſt thou no evil Company:
O no O no ſays the Woman,
Alas how can that be:
For there came ten ſwaggering Blades,
And thus abuſed me;
For there came, &c.

Johnſon being of a Valiant Heart,
And bore a Valiant Mind;
He wrapt his Cloak about her,
For to keep her from the Wind:
With a high ding ding, with a ho ding ding,
With a high ding ding ding die;
And God bleſs all good People,
From evil Company.

Strike up your Hearts ſays Johnſon,
For its dark all in the Sky;
She put her Finger in her Ear,
And gave a ſqueaking cry:
With that there came ten ſwaggering Blades,
With their Weapons ready drawn;
And they boldly came to Johnſon,
And bolder bid him ſtand.

I will not fight ſays Wilſon,
For I had rather die;
Or I to fight ſays Gibſon,
For I had rather fly:
Come or come on, ſays Johnſon,
And fight a Man ſo free;
Or ſtand you ſtill behind my Back,
And I'll win the Victory.

Then Johnſon's Piſtols they flew off,
Till five of them were ſlain;
And then he drew his Hanger out,
With all his Might and Main:
And play'd it about ſo Maufully,
Till three more he had ſlain;
And play'd it about ſo Manfully,
Till three more he had ſlain.

Come on, come on, ſays the other two,
And let us make away;
For if that we do hold him to't,
Our Lives he'll take away:
O no, O no, quoth the Woman,
And alas how can that be;
For if you do not hold him to't,
Then hanged you ſhall be.

Johnſon fighting theſe two Thieves before,
She knockt him down behind;
O Woman, O Woman, quoth Johnſon,
Alas what have you done:
You killed the braveſt Butcher,
That ever England won.

Juſt as ſhe had killed him,
There came one riding by;
And ſaw the Deed that ſhe had done,
And ſeized her preſently:
She was condemn'd for to be hang'd,
In Iron Chains ſo ſtrong;
At the Place where ſhe did Johnſon,
That great and mighty wrong.